

Syracuse, Nov. 27, 1842.

Dear Wife:

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I wrote to you a hasty letter from Waterloo, giving you some of the outlines of my visit to Rochester. Although many interesting events have occurred ^{since} ~~at~~ that time, I shall wait till I see you before I go into the particulars. Up to this hour, I have enjoyed myself far beyond my expectations. The spirit of hospitality, in this section, exceeds any thing to be found in New-England, with comparatively rare exceptions. Money is about "as scarce as gold dust," but there is no lack of food and the other necessaries of life, and to these you are heartily welcome. All the towns that I have visited are uncommonly agreeable in their appearance, and exhibit a neatness, taste and regularity, that have taken me by surprise. If the aspect of things is so pleasant now, in bleak winter, what must it be in the prime of summer? I wish you could be with me, and so do many others, who would delight to extend to you the warm hand of friendship. If all things shall go well with us, and our means will allow of it, what say for a trip with me, next summer, to Niagara Falls?

The friends at Waterloo were the kindest of the kind. I declined three addresses in that place, to crowded houses, - the last on Monday evening, - the effect of which was visibly beneficial to our cause. At 12 o'clock that night, I left in the cars for Syracuse, accompanied by friends Collins (who was far from being well) and J. C. Hathaway, where we arrived at 5 o'clock, A. M. G. W. Poyor, Jacob Ferris, W. O. Duvall, and Abby Kelley arrived during the forenoon, in a private conveyance. We all came to the splendid mansion, occupied jointly by Stephen Smith and Wing Russell, (formerly of New-Bedford,) where we, and many others, have all been entertained with a hospitality and kindness never exceeded in my experience. Poor Collins had to go to bed at once, and has scarcely been able to sit up even to this hour. To-day he is somewhat better, and may possibly leave to-morrow afternoon for Utica, under my care. He has had all possible attention paid to him, and as good nursing as he could have obtained in this wide world. He is nearly disabled from the service, at least for some time to come. This morning, (Sunday,) G. W. Poyor, S. L. Foster, Abby Kelley, and Mrs. Russell, left for Vernon, on their way to Utica, in a carryall. The day is cold and blustering, and a snow-storm beginning to set in.


I think nothing had better be copied from this for the Liberator, till my return.

On Tuesday forenoon, our Convention opened in this place, under circumstances by no means auspicious. Not a meeting-house could be obtained for us, and we were forced to meet in a hall three stories high, called "Library Hall." Handbills had been placarded about the town, announcing that Abby Kelley, C. L. Remond, Frederick Douglass, and W. L. Garrison would be at the Convention; but, notorious as we are, and great as is the curiosity usually manifested to see and hear either of us singly, our meeting in the forenoon consisted only of eleven persons, all told! These were nearly all of our own company. The appointed J. C. Hathaway President, and J. N. T. Tucker Secretary, and then adjourned. In the afternoon, we had a small audience; but, such was the feeling we excited in the meeting, by our scorching remarks and "ultra" resolutions, the hall was crowded in the evening, where I opened my budget of heresies on the subject of temple worship, the church, the priesthood, the Sabbath, &c. which created no small stir. The next day, S. S. Foster arrived, and we soon had the town in commotion. During the day, a considerable number of persons were in attendance, and the discussions assumed so exciting an aspect, that, at the close of the afternoon meeting, it became apparent that we should have a riot in the evening - all in defence of the clergy and the church! When the evening came, the hall was densely filled, partly by a highly respectable assemblage, and partly by a troop of molocrats, having their pockets filled with rotten eggs and other missiles. Jacob Harris opened the meeting in a short but eloquent speech, which, as it contained nothing specially offensive, was listened to without disturbance. Our friend S. S. Foster then took the platform, and was allowed to proceed without much interruption until he made his favorite declaration, in his most excited manner, that the Methodist Episcopal Church is worse than any brothel in the city of New-York. Then came such an outbreak of hisses, cries, curses! All order was at an end. Several ruffians rushed toward the platform to seize Foster, but were not allowed to reach him. The tumult became tremendous. Several citizens, who were well known, attempted to calm the storm, but in vain. Rotten eggs were now thrown, one of which was sent as a special present to me, and struck the wall over my head, scattering its contents on me and others. Next, a number of benches were broken, and other damage done; and, finally, the meeting was adjourned, in much disorder, to meet at the same place the next day, at 10, A. M. We all got through the mob safely, though they kept a sharp look-out for Foster and myself, having prepared, as it was said, tar and feathers to give us a coat without any costs to ourselves.

In the morning, (Thursday,) we met agreeably to adjournment; but, on the opening it was announced that we could not have the use of the hall during the day, unless we would become responsible for all damages that might be done to the building; and that we could not be allowed to occupy the hall in the evening, on any conditions, such was the excited state of the public mind. This announcement led to a most animated discussion. We refused, of course, to give any such guaranty, as that would be a strong inducement to the mob to do all the injury they could to the hall. Syracuse was held up to the infamy of the world, in terms of merited severity, as a town under mobocratic sway, unfit to be associated with Boston, New-York, and Utica, in 1835. Finally, the requisition was withdrawn, and we were allowed to continue our meetings through the day, but not in the evening. In the afternoon, Foster obtained a very respectful hearing in defence of his terrible charge against the Methodist Church, and produced an impression decidedly in his favor. He was followed by a pettifoggish lawyer and editor, named Cummings, in reply, who kept the audience in a roar of laughter by his ridiculous nonsense and silly buffoonery. He was put forward by the mobocrats, (as well as another lawyer, named Hillas,) as the champion of Church and State; but all he said worked mightily in our favor. At dark, a motion was made that we adjourn sine die; but our opponents outnumbered us, and voted to adjourn the meeting until the next morning. The hall, however, was not opened to them, and we, of course, did not go to the place. The whole town is in a ferment. Every tongue is in motion. If an earthquake had occurred, it would not have excited more consternation, or made more talk. But we have no doubt that the result will be good for our cause. We sent the resolutions we intended to discuss in the Convention, relating to the church and the clergy, to the clergymen in this place, by a committee; but the corrupt and cowardly creatures did not dare to come and discuss them with us before the people. To-day, however, (Sunday,) in "coward's castle," they are denouncing us as "infidels," &c. and warning the people against us. This, too, will do good. Already the tide is turning in our favor, and, in a short time, genuine anti-slavery will obtain a strong foothold here.

Our next Convention is to be held at Utica, on Tuesday next, and will continue in session at least three days. As bro. Foster will be there, I presume we shall have a repetition of the scenes in Syracuse, as he is remarkably successful in raising the spirit of mobocracy wherever he goes. Possibly, we may have quiet meetings; but, come what may, may we all be faithful to the cause. I could wish that bro. Foster would exercise more judgment and discretion in the presentation of his views; but it is useless to reason with him, with any hope of altering his course, as he is firmly persuaded that he is pursuing the very best course.

On Friday evening next, I expect to lecture in Albany, and on Saturday night hope to embrace you and the dear children again, in health and safety. I yearn to see and kiss my sweet babe in particular; and yet it will not do for me to begin to make any exceptions, for one after another comes up, and they are all so dear to me that I cannot be invidious. Tell my dear George, and Willie, and Wendell, to be good boys, and help you all they can, until my return; and father will bring them some playthings when he gets home.


Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison,
Anti-Slavery Office,
25, Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.

I am pretty well worn down with exertion. During the ride from Waterloo to this place, in the night, I took cold, and have been troubled with influenza ever since; so that I have spoken at our meetings here with great difficulty, in consequence of hoarseness. I am now better. Fear not about my taking care of myself. On my return, I have many marvellous things to relate to you about animal magnetism, having seen many experiments, and in which I am a full believer. What can I send to a loving heart to you, and affectionate remembrances to all the household? Yours, in holy bonds, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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